# The True Mortherner.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1877.

#### THE LITTLE FOLKS.

" Toot." Charley's got a trumpet! Everybody knows it, "Toot! Toot!"

Makes a great sensation Every time he blows it! "Toot! Toot!"

Splendid noise it makes— Don't you want to hear it? " Toot! Toot!"

If you've got a headache Don't you come too near it? "Too!! Toe!!"

Won't you stop and lister Just for half a minute? "Toot! Toot!"

Charley wants to show you

How much noise is in it! "Toot!"

Nobody is sorry Charley's going out! "Toot! Toot!" Chickens want to hear it

Very bad, no doubt,
"Toot!"

- Youth's Companion.

Pretty Polly Pippin. She had blue eyes and golden hair, and rosy, dimpled cheeks. She was certainly very pretty. Then, too, she was good—she was very good. She never cried; she never complained. If you laid her on her back or on her face ; if you made her stand or tried to get her to walk, it was always the sameshe neither murmured nor fretted; she wore a bright and smiling face, looking

rather staring eyes.

She wasn't the least like her mamma Her mamma was dark and pale, with an anxious little face, and, I am afraid, an anxious little heart. Her mamma, too, was very particular, even fldgety, when things were not exactly to her liking.

straight at you with her earnest, but

In short, she was perfect contrast to this baby-this beautiful doll-baby of

The baby was 3 months old; the mamma was 10 years, Her name was Ella, her baby's Polly Pippin. Pretty

Polly Pippin she was always called, Ella had herself given her the name and, certainly, if ever a baby-doll deserved to have the word "pretty" ap-plied to it, this baby of Ella's was the

Ella was, as I have said, very unlike her child; she was not very strong, she constantly-poor little mamma !- suffered pain, and, as she had no sisters and no playmates, she was often both sad and lonely.

That was three months ago: but since, on her last birthday, Polly Pippin arrived, all was changed. The amount of good the doll did the child was incalculable-she gave her something to love

and something to work for, Ella made all her doll's clothes; she dressed her and undressed her, and took her out walking, and at night she slept with her arms about her.

What long talks they had together—this mother and child! Of course, the mother did all the actual talking, but then the child looked back at her with such sweet, smiling eyes in reply, that

In short, they understood each other perfectly, and not one trouble came between them until Hugh, Ella's brother, arrived home from school.

Polly Pippin was three months old at that time-this means that she had been three months in Ella's possession; for, of course, the time when she was wrapped up in silver paper in a large warehouse counted for nothing in her

She was born on the day when Ella's grandpapa walked into a shop and

"Do you sell dolls here-real, large, handsome dolls, suitable for birthday presents?"

Then the silver paper was pulled off Polly Pippin's face, and she was born.

This happened three months ago. Well, Hugh came home from school, and, hearing that Ella had a pet, he quite determined that he would have one. So he brought back with him-what do you think?

Oh, how Ella laughed when she saw it! She even forgot, so absorbed was she in watching its antics, to put Polly Pippin to bed.

Never was there a monkey possessed of so many tricks, so altogether funny. Ella and Hugh spent a delightful evening following this new pet from place to place.

It was quite late when Ella ran away to her pretty bedroom to undress Polly

Pippin.
She had just taken off her dress and petticoats, and was putting on her handsomely embroidered night-dress, when, raising her eyes, she saw the monkey, Jacko, sitting amid the foliage of a thick tree which grew close to the window.

Jacko was watching her intently. From Ella to Polly, and from Polly to Polly's clothes, he looked, and, to judge from the expression of his face, he was very much interested in what he saw. "Oh! you are a funny monkey!" laughed Ella. "So you want to watch

me putting my baby to bed!"

But she little guessed what was going to follow, or what trouble she would

soon be in In the morning Polly Pippin was gone. Pretty Polly Pippin was nowhere to be

She was not in her mamma's bed, nor in her own pink-lined cradle. She was gone, and so were her clothes—her nice little shoes and stockings, her blue silk frock, even her hat with the daisies round it, which her mamma had made for her only yesterday. All, all were

Poor Ella indeed was in trouble; and her real sorrow was so great that, to try to comfort her, everybody in the whole house began to look for Polly Pippin. Her papa looked and so did her mam-

ma; the cook looked and so did the housemaid; and so also did the butler and the buttons, and the coachman and the stable-boy. Hugh also looked, and last, but not least, Jacko followed every last, but not least, Jacko followed every one, and went in front of every one, and jumped on the cat's back, and pulled the days is equal to fifteen of yours. Then dog's tail, and ran up to the tops of the the sun scorches, and I turn in and take as much as 98 trees and down again, and snatched the a pleasant nap. During the night, which York Tribune.

cook's cap off her head—all in his apparent zeal to find Polly Pippin.

But, though they searched under the beds, and Hugh even poked his head up the chimneys, no sign of the missing

doll was to be seen.

Poor little Ella kept up bravely all day, but, when the weary searchers sat down at last without any result, she burst into tears.

"My darling, sweet baby, I know she's quite gone! No, Hugh, I can't be happy—indeed, I can never be happy

"I'll buy you another doll, Ella," said her grandfather. But this kind offer only made Ella's

tears flow faster,
"As if I could have another baby like Polly Pippin!" she sobbed.

And all the time there sat that mis

chievous monkey, grinning from ear to ear and watching; as grandpapa looked, suddenly an idea struck him. Was it possible that Jacko had anything to say to the mysterious disappearance of

Polly? "Ella," he said, "what was that funny story you told me about the monkey last night?"

"Oh, I don't want to think of it! sobbed Ella : "I had my baby at that time.

Then grandpapa went out of the room, and called Hugh to his side, and whispered to him that perhaps Jacko was at the bottom of the mystery.
"Those creatures are always getting

into mischief," said grandpapa; "they are also very imitative, and you know how Ella described his watching her last night when she undressed her doll?" "But where has he put her?" questioned Hugh; "we have searched every hole and corner."

"Watch Jacko, but say nothing to Ella on the subject," was the wise coun-

sel of grandpapa.

This Hugh did, and not only Hugh, but the stable boy, and the coachman, and the groom and the cook, to all of whom he confided grandpapa's idea; but, though they watched, they saw nothing.

The monkey was very quiet and pleas-ant, not at all as ill-natured as many of his race, and yet he was so funny in grimaces and antics that even Ella, notwithstanding her sorrow, could not help laughing at him more than

"It is time for bed, Ella," said her mamma. And the little girl prepared, slowly

and unwillingly, to go up to her lonely room, no longer brightened by the presence of her darling doll. "I will come with you, Ella, and tell you a story," said grandpapa, who noticed how her pale little face was, and how

wistful and sad her dark eyes had be-

"What shall the story be about, grandpapa? Shall it be about the asked Ella, as up in her own room she nestled down into his arms; but, then, looking out of the window,

she uttered a scream.
Seated on the thick limb of the tree was Jacko, and in his arms-yes, resting comfortably in his arms-was the missing baby, the lost baby-doll, her own darling Polly Pippin.

One by one he was gravely removing, first her frock and then her petticoats, and putting on her pretty night-dress, pressing a loud smack every now and then on her rosy lips, as he had ob-

erved Ella do the night before.
"Don't stir, Ella," whispered grandpapa. "I thought all along the monkey had something to say to this; but stay quiet, or he will run away with her

And then that clever grandpapa stepped softly to the open window, and very quietly and cautiously stretched out his hand before the monkey had time to see him, and, snatching up the doll-baby, he laid her safe and uninjured in

her mamma's arms. "Oh, how I love her! How glad am!" sobbed the happy little girl.

And that night Ella slept happily again, with her little arms clasped tight-

ly round her pet. "I don't think we can keep Jacko, said grandpapa.

Letter from the Moon

THE MOON, Aug., 1877. DEAR LITTLE EARTHQUAKES-Do not cover your heads, I pray you, when you see me peeping in at your chamber window. Don't you see that I am always smiling when I look down into your bright little faces? I once received a letter from a little boy in which he asked me why I came only on the bright nights, and if I wasn't afraid of the dark. It seems he didn't know that it is my coming that makes the nights bright. I don't know what "dark" is, for I always carry light with me. I spend most of my time calling on the stars. You probably have noticed that I am a great traveler. It tires my hand so, to write. Really I can't agree to keep up an active correspondence. But, if you would let your ears grow, or could make an eartrumpet, say 1,000 miles long, I think I could hallo through the other 237,000 miles. I like to chat, and if you will get your ear trumpets ready, when I am keeping watch through the long winter nights, with my feet snugly fixed in one of our volcanoes, I will tell you long stories. When I have no one to talk to I smoke too much. The shooting stars you like so much are nothing but sparks

from my pipe. I don't much like the detectives you call astronomers. They see very little for the size of their eye-glasses, and they bother their brains terribly to decide whether the moon is inhabited or not. I claim that one man (myself) may be fairly called a population. Then I have with me my cat and my dog. We have little company except the stars. But once in a long time some young enthusi-ast, longing to behold the glory of this celestial region, comes up in a balloon and makes us a short visit. I looked in at a window and saw some of you dancing a few evenings ago. For fine dancing, you should see me and my dog whirling in the waltz, while my cat fiddles beautifully. And once, in the midst of the dance, a cow, thrown into ecstasies by the music, actually jumped over the moon, and tumbled and tumbled till she came

to Norwich. I believe that Mother Goose, the historian, spoke of this.

is equally long and bitter cold, I sit up to keep the fires burning in the volca-

noes, and eat "bean porridge hot." noes, and eat "bean porridge hot."
So those little upstart moons of Mars have finally obtained an introduction to you, have they? I never speak to them myself, and the truth is they amount to very little in good planetary society. And now, dear little earthquakes, go to school regularly and study hard, and you will sometime get another letter from your sincere friend. your sincere friend, THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ONE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

Cotopaxi's Latest Eruption-Darkness and Dismay-The Inca Ruins Destroyed, [Quito Letter to the New York Nation.]

The eruption took place on the 26th of June, with every circumstance that could increase its horror—utter darkness in the broad day, thunder and lightning, fearful explosions that made the earth tremble, subterranean noises and wild gusts of wind, accompanied by a rain of ashes. An eye-witness told me that the volcano poured out a cataract ten times the Lulk of Niagara, which carried all before it in its headlong course, and submerged the whole surrounding country.

The torrent divided itself in two opposite directions, as if to give greater scope to its devastation and to make the confusion still more dire. One branch took a southerly course toward the city of Latacunga, situated twelve miles from Coto-

On its way the torrent converted the plain of Callao into an immense lake. There is but faint hope that the ruins of the palace of the Incas, described by Humboldt and all other travelers through the central valleys of the equatorial Andes, have escaped the ravages of the flood. Near Latacunga the furious torrent tore up from its very foundations the cotton factory of Don Jose Villa-gomez, whose value was estimated at \$300,000; crops, cattle, buildings were swept away; the massive bridges of Cutuche and Pansalvo were destroyed, as well as a part of the fine carriage road (scarce equaled even in Europe) which connects Quito with the towns in the

south of the republic.

The branch that headed toward the south of Cotopaxi devastated the prosperous and enchanting valley of Chillo, and in particular the estate of the Senores Aguirre, noted for having been the residence of Humboldt. There, too, as in Latacunga, arose the buildings of a thriving factory, which only the year before had been destroyed by fire, and had just been repaired at great expense. The torrent rooted it from the ground, and bore it away in a thousand fragments. It is asserted that a mill of Don Manuel Palacios floated on the water like a ship at sea until shattered by the current. The loss in the valley of Chillo alone is estimated at over \$2,000,000, and the loss in other sections is equally great. It is likewise calculated that the number of the dead exceeds 1,000.

A third cataract took an easterly direction, destroying the bridge of Patate, and doing grievous injury to the estates in that neighborhood, of which the most important is celebrated for its fine wine, well known as "Vino de Patate,"

Although the surroundings of Quito have been laid waste, the city itself suffered from only a rain of ashes and a complete darkness, which began on the winged their fatal course, and the terrible journey across the continent 26th of June, at 3 in the afternoon. At heavily-laden bearers fell dead under from Nyangwe have been very severe. complete darkness, which began on the Machache and other places the night lasted for thirty consecutive hours. the midst of this opaque gloom one could hear the bellowing of the cattle and the cries of other animals, who, deprived of their usual food by the shower of ashes, sought in a species of frenzy the means of satisfying their hunger. Other beasts frantic with terror, careered hither and thither as if in despair, and the piteous howling of the dogs pierced the air with its ominous sound. In Quito the dark ness was not as that of night; it was like that described by the younger Pliny in a letter to Tacitus, in which he relates the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii, "It was," he says, "as if the lights in a room had been extinguished." At Quito the shower at first was of coarse, heavy sand, which suddenly turned into ashes so fine and impalpable that they penetrated not only into apartments, but into the most carefully closed receptacles. In the depth of the darkness, men and women, braving the rain of ashes, sallied forth into the streets, screening themselves with umbrellas and lighting their way with lanterns, and all the while these strange apparitions rent the air with their cries and prayers for mercy. The umbrellas, as well as the green eyeglasses used here on journeys, were no superfluous precaution, although they afforded but scant protection against the subtle powder, which it was remembered had in many cases produced blindness during the eruption of 1843, and the rain of ashes of thirty hours that attended it.

## The Wheat Yield.

The following table gives the annual production of wheat in the United States for twelve years, together with the an-

nual exports and the	ne nome	consump
tion, seed, and wasta	ge:	
Crop (bu.)	Exports, (	onsumption
1802177,957,172	55,915,621	122,041,55
1863	39,689,773	133,988,15
1864	14,637,641	146,038,18
1865 148,522,827	15,359,139	133,172,68
1866	10,171,692	141,028,21
1907 212,441,400	23,556,319	188,884,48
1868	21,126,029	202,900,57
1889	50,926,612	209,220,28
1870 235,884,700	49,794,432	186,090,26
1871 230,722,400	35,434,161	195,288,23
1872 249,097,000	48,929,069	200,167,97
1873281,372,000	87,393,643	193,978,30
1874308,000,000	70,466,890	237,533,11
1875	71,028,346	218,971,67
\$ 1000 BOOK 1000	EE 000 750	104 000 0

This season it is known that the reserve has been cut down to the minimum by shipments of 30,500,000 bushels from the West since Jan. 1, against shipments last year of 29,000,000 bushels from a crop 40,000,000 larger. At five bushels per capita, the home requirement would be about 235,000,000 bushels, beside the quantity needed to replenish the reserve—which figures of yearly consumption indicate may be roughly estimated at 20,000,000 bushels. Hence, if the coming crop is as much as 325,000 000 bushels, and the price is not unusually high, consumption and re-plenishment of reserve will take about 255,000,000 bushels, leaving 70,000,000 bushels for export. If the price rules high, both consumption and the quantity taken for reserve will be diminished. and the surplus for export may then be as much as 98,000,000 bushels,-New

#### STANLEY.

Wonderful Tale from the Celebrated Through a Forest Filled with Cannibals Each Tree the Ambuscade of an Archer with Poisoned Arrows-Thirty-two Battles Fought Without a Resting-Spell-A Chapter Well Worthy of a Place in the 'Arabian Nighta." (London Telegram to New York Herald,)

After nearly twelve months of anxious suspense, during which the greatest fears were entertained for the safety of the gallant African explorer, the welcome news has at length come that Henry M. Stanley, the special commissioner of the New York Herald and the London Daily Tetegraph, has arrived on the west coast of Africa, after a terrible journey across the continent along the line of the Lualaba, otherwise the Congo river. Stanley's dispatch is lated from Emboma, Congo river, west coast of Africa, Aug. 10, and informs us that he arrived at that point on Aug. 8 from Zanzibar, with only 115 souls, the entire party in an awful condition after their long and terrible journey through the heart of the African continent. After completing the exploration of Lake Tanganyika, Stanley and his followers pushed across the country to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba. This was the most northerly point reached by Cameron when he attempted to solve the mystery of the Congo and its identity with the main drainage line of the Lualaba basin.

Stanley left Nyangwe on the 15th of November, 1876, and traveled overland through Uregga with his party. The task of penetrating the unexplored wilds that stretched before him to the westward was calculated to impress him with a sense of danger that nothing but the stern call of duty and the promptings of ambitious resolution could overcome. He was about to plunge into a region where he would be as completely cut off from hope of succor if fortune did not favor him in his journey as if he was wandering on the surface of another planet. After an arduous march of many days, through a country filled with difficulties, and being compelled to transport on the shoulders of his men every pound of provisions and other stores necessary for the trans-continental journey, and, besides, carrying in a similar manner the sections of the Lady Alice exploring boat, and the arms and ammunition of the party, Stanley found himself brought to a stand by immense tracts of dense forests through which all attempts at progress were futile. Finding that he could not advance along the line he had first intended to follow, Stanley crossed the Lualaba and continued his of the march so harassing that it seemed impossible for him to succeed in passing the tremendous barrier of the forest. To add to the horrors of his position in these Central African wilds, Stanley found himself opposed at every step by the hostile cannibal natives. The savages filled the woods, and day and night poured flights of poisoned arrows on his party which killed and fatally wounded many of his men. From every tree and the expedition had left Nyangwe. rock along the route the deadly missiles their loads in the dark forest. Only now The continuous fighting in the forests and then could Stanley and his men re- and on the river reduced the strength of for the savages kept under the densest cover, and rarely exposed themselves,

Stanley's march through these cannioal regions soon became almost hope-There was no cessation in the fighting day or night. An attempt at camping merely concentrated the savages, and rendered their fire more deadly. The advance was a succession of charges in rude skirmishing order by an advance guard whose duty it was to clear the road for the main body. A rear guard covered in like manner the retreat, for although advancing against one enemy the movement was a retreat from another. All Stanley's efforts to appease the savages were unavailing. They would listen to no overtures, disregarded all signals of friendship and of mildness of intention, and refused to be pacified with gifts. The patient behavior of Stanley's men they regarded as cowardice, so that no course remained open to the explorer but to fight his way onward and with as little loss as possible. To render the position still more deplorable, his escort of 140 natives; whom he had engaged for the service at Nyangwe, refused to proceed further on the journey, and deserted

They were so overawed by the terror of the forest and the continuous struggle that they believed destruction was certain to overtake the whole party, and prudently resolved not to be destroyed. Finding that his ranks were thinned by the desertion of the Nyangwe men the hostile natives concentrated for a grand attack on Stanley, with the object of completely crushing him. It became necessary, therefore, to organize a des-perate resistance, which was happily successful, so far that it repulsed the savages for the time being and gave the explorer a chance to reconsider his plans and make arrangements to adapt them to his trying situation. There was only one way to escape from the hapless position in which Stanley now found himself, unless he accepted the alternative of returning to Nyangwe, and abandon-ing the grand work which he had undertaken. This was to make use of canoes. With the "Lady Alice" as a last reliance and good canoes for the party, Stanley concluded that he could advance with a better prospect of success than in any other way. Although he had a decided advantage over the savages on the water, Stanley still found that each day's advance was but a repetition of the struggle of the day previous. It was desperate fighting all the time while pushing down the river with might and main. Fortunately, it was still the rifle against the bow, but then the bow was covered by the dense woods, and the rifle was exposed in the open canoe. In the midst of these progressive struggles Stanley's journey on the river was interrupted by a series of great cut-

land. This enormous labor entailed the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to abandon the ax and dragfrequently to abandon the ax and drag-ropes for their rifles, to defend them-selves against the continuous assaults of the hostile natives. After passing the cataracts, Stanley and his party had a long breathing pause from the toil of dragging their boats through the forest. They were also comparatively secure from at tack, and took measures to recruit their exhausted strength before again encountering the dangers of the journey westward.

At two degrees north latitude he

found that the course of the great Luala-ba swerved from its almost direct north-

erly direction to the northwestward, to the westward and then to the southwestward, developing into a broad stream varying in width from two to ten miles and choked with islands. In order to avoid the struggle with the tribes of desperate cannibals that inhabited the main land on each side of the river, Stanley's canoe fleet, led by the Lady Alice, paddled along between the islands taking advantage of the cover they afforded as a protection from attack. In this way many miles down the stream were made by the expedition, unmolested by the natives, but this safety from attack was purchased by much suffering. Cut off from supplies in the middle of the great river, starvation threatened to destroy the expedition. The most extreme hunger was endured by the party, which passed three entire days absolutely without any food. This terrible state of things could not be any longer endured, so Stanley resolved to meet his fate on the main land, rather than by hunger on the river. He therefore turned his course into the left bank of the Lualaba. With the regular good fortune that has gen-erally attended him, he reached the village of a tribe acquainted with trade.
With these friendly natives Stanley and
his party made "blood brotherhood,"
and purchased from them an abundance of provisions, which were sorely needed by the famished exploring party. After a brief rest, Stanley endeavored to con-tinue his course along the left bank of the river, but three days after his departure from the village of the friendly natives he came to the country of a powerful tribe, whose warriors were armed with muskets. Here, for the first time since leaving Nyangwe, Stanley had to contend against an enemy on almost an equal footing as to arms. He, therefore, prepared his party for a struggle, the issue of which was decidedly doubt ful. No sooner did these natives discover the approach of Stanley's expedi-tion than the ymanned fifty-four large cances, and put off from the river bank journey along the left bank of the river, to attack it. It was not until a number passing through the district known as of his men were killed that Stan-Northeast Uknsu. On this route he en-desvored to find an outlet westward, but the natives understand that he desvored to find an outlet westward, but the natives understand that he the jungle was so dense and the fatigues and his party were friends. He cried out to them to that effect and offered clothes as peace gifts, but the savages refused to be conciliated, and the fight proceeded with unabated fury. twelve miles down the struggle went on, and it proved to be the greatest and most desperate fight on this terrible river. It was maintained by Stanley's followers with great courage, and was the last save one of thirty-two battles fought since Stanley's losses during the long and

ply to this silent fire with their rifles, the expedition daily, until it became a question whether any of its members would ever reach the coast. Stanley was almost drawn into the whirlpools of the Mewa falls, and six weeks later himself, with the entire crew of the Lady Alice, were swept over the furious falls of Mebelo, whence only by a miracle they escaped.

## MICHIGAN ITEMS.

DETROIT organs are shipped to Constantinople.

Derrorr's police force costs a little more than \$10,000 a month.

Ar Augusta last week the annual picnic of the Kalamazoo pioneers was held. THE Isabella county court house, a brick structure, will cost, when complet-

ed, \$20,000. Ir is estimated that the saloons of the State will pay \$450,000 under the special tax law, this year,

THERE were but 706 prisoners in the State prison at the close of the month of August. Parties who have traveled through

various portions of the State report a heavy crop of corn in most localities. Now that Ben De Bar and Ned Davenport have both left this great stage, Garry Hough, of Detroit, is one of the oldest actors left living in America.

THE Croton dam went out last week. Damage over \$1,000. Mr. Geo. Backhart, owner of the Croton flouring mill, will rebuild it immediately.

According to the returns made to the County Clerk for the year 1876, there were 708 births, 257 deaths and 254 marriages in Macomb county in that year.

THE soldiers' and sailors' reunion held Midland lately was a grand success. Over twenty Michigan regiments were represented. Capt. Lyon, of Midland, was elected President for the ensuing year, and D. W. Hitchcock historian.

THE barn belonging to the Cadillac House, at Lexington, was burned last week. Six horses were burned, one of which was a valuable stallion owned by Mr. Allen, of Detroit. The engine pre vented the fire spreading. The origin of the fire is unknown. Loss estimated at from \$4,000 to \$5,000.

GEORGE RHEINHARDT fell into the river at Detroit, a few days ago, and stuck in the mud at the bottom, which held him in a fatal grasp until he was drowned. He was under water less than four minutes, and was still alive when brought to land, but died before resuscitation could be brought about.

A MAN named Cowell was fatally injured at Greenville, recently, while driving a sprinkler under a trestle-work. The injured man had been accustomed to drive under the bridge and remain on aracts not far apart from each other and his wagon. On the day of the accident just north and south of the equator. To he had raised the first bolster of his pass these obstacles he had to cut his wagon, and, forgetting this, he was way through over thirteen miles of dense caught between the tank on his wagon forest, and drag his eighteen canoes and and the upper portion of the bridge, with the exploring boat, Lady Alice, over- the result above stated.

THE following statement of all articles of association and amendments filed and recorded in the office of the Secretary of

recorded in the office of the Secretary of State from July 15 to Sept. 6 we take from the Lansing Republican:
July 17—Detroit City Railway Company; articles of association amended.
July 28—Grand Rapids and Walker Plank Road Company; \$25,000; paid in \$1,050; Grand Rapids.
July 30—Workingmen's Benevolent Society; Deuter.

July 30-Jackson Reform Club Temperance Society.

July 31—Black Creek Improvement Company;

\$10,000; paid in \$500; Grand Rapida.

Ang. 3—Barry County Co-operative Association of the Patrons of Husbandry; \$13,000; paid in \$1,000; Hastings.

Ang. 6—Delaware Copper Mining Company of Michigan; articles of association amended.

Aug. 9—East Saginaw Reform Club; East Saginaw.

Aug. 9—East Saginaw Reform Club; East Saginaw.
Aug. 13—Winthrop Hematite Company; \$500,000; paid in \$25,000; Ishpeming.
Aug. 16—Michigan Gaslight Company; \$25,000; paid in \$6,000; Detroit.
Aug. 17—Tehogowanda Club; Coldwater.
Aug. 18—Industrial Publishing Company of Grand Rapids; \$10,000; Grand Rapids.
Aug. 23—Hebrew Benevolent Society; Alpena.

Aug. 23—Cass Avenue Railway Company; \$100,000; Detroit. Aug. 24-Evening News Association : \$50.-

000 : Detroit. Aug. 25-Bonanza Manufacturing Company \$50,000; paid in \$35,850; East Saginaw. Aug. 28—Alpena Water-Works Company \$120,000; Alpena.

Aug. 30—St. Clair spoke works; \$25,000; paid in \$10,000; St. Clair. Aug. 31—Jackson Iron Company; notice of dissolution and reorganization; \$300,000; paid in \$300,000: Negaunee. Sept. 1—German National Aid Society: De

troit,
Sept. 3—Lake Huron Mill Company; \$40,000;
paid in \$20,000; Port Huron.
Sept. 4—Michigan Military Academy; \$50,000;
Orchard Lake, Oakland county.
Sept. 4—Saginaw and Clare County Railroad
Company; \$160,000; paid in \$1,035.

Ar the recent annual meeting of the Detroit Conference of the M. E. Church the following appointments were announced:

nounced:

Detroit District—James M. Fuller, P. E;
Detroit Central Church, W. X. Ninde; Detroit
Tabernacle, C. T. Allen; Detroit Simpson, W.
W. Washburn; Detroit Jefferson Avenue, R. S.
Pardington; Detroit Sixteenth Street, R. Russell; Detroit Fort Street, W. Q. Burnett; Wy
andotte, E. Barry; Trenton, H. N. Brown; Flat
Rock, A. W. Wilson; Denton, L. C. York;
Wayne, H. O. Parker; Dearborn, J. M. Trnscott; Plymouth, L. P. Davis; Northville, J. E.
Jacklin; Walled Lake, J. H. Caster; Commerce, A. S. Fair; Farmington, S. E. Warren;
Southfield, S. G. Morgan; Birmingham, J. B.
Atchinson; Royal Oak, G. W. Owen; New Boston, A. F. Hoyt; Belleville, W. J. Clack; Leesville, J. Kilpatrick; Ypsilanti, O. J. Perrin;
Salem, S. Clements; South Lyon, F. Eradley;
Brighton, D. J. Odell; Howell, J. Kilpatrick;
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